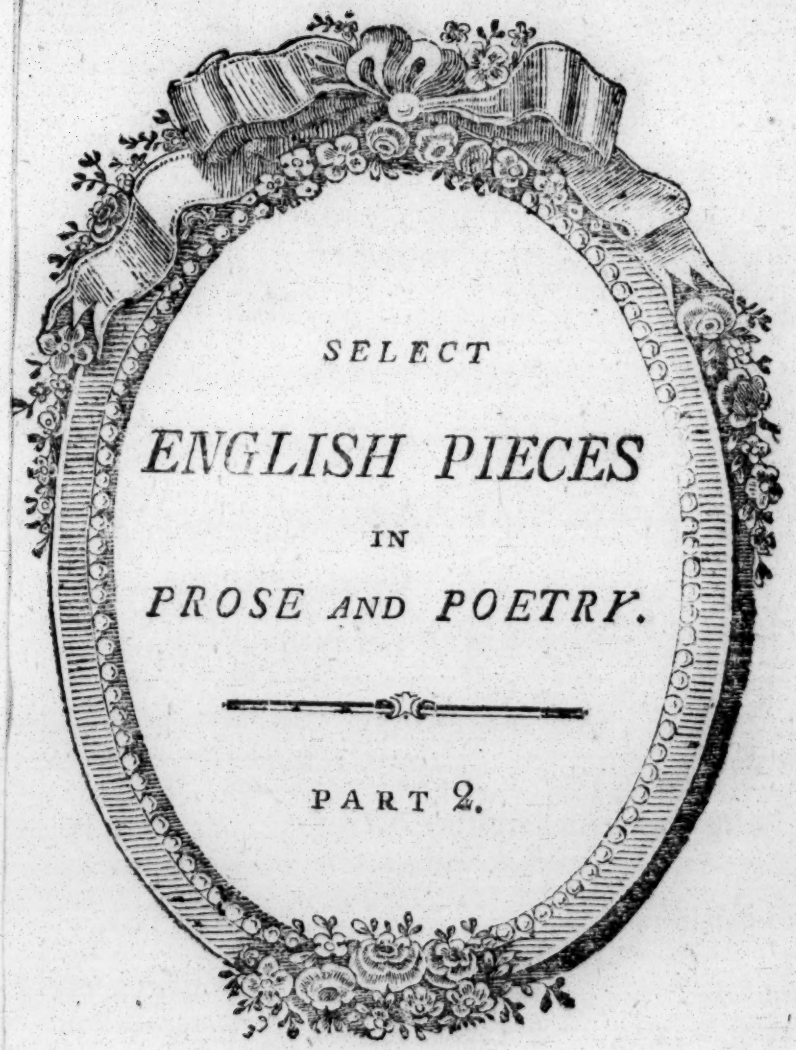

SELECT ENGLISH PIECES IN PROSE AND POETRY.

PART 2.

UPSALA,
FOR JOHN FREDERIC EDMAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
71
FEB

A FATAL INTERRUPTION OF HAPPINESS.

UBI IDEM ET MAXIMUS ET HONESTISSIMUS AMOR EST, ALIQUANDO PRÆSTAT MORTE JUNGI, QUAM VITA DISTRAHI.

VAL. MAX.

AFTER the mind has been employed on contemplations ſuitable to it's greatneſs, it is unnatural to run into ſudden mirth or levity; but we muſt let the ſoul ſubſide, as it roſe, by proper degrees. My late conſiderations of the ancient Heroes impreſſed a certain gravity upon my mind, which is much above the little gratifications received from ſtarts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleaſing ſadneſs. In this ſtate of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a penſive manner reflecting upon the

great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch ſo ſenſibly as thoſe which befal perſons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happineſs when they leaſt expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents tho their children, are the effects of inſtinct: but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reaſon and choice, which has always made me think the ſorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than thoſe of the former. The contemplation of diſtreſſes of this ſort ſoftens the mind of man, and makes the heart better; it extinguiſhes the ſeeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of proſperity, and beats down all that fierceneſs and inſolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

FOR this reaſon, the wiſe Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greateſt afflictions which could befal human life, and inſenſibly poliſhed their tempers by ſuch repreſentations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has ariſe a chimerical method of diſpoſing the fortune of the perſons repreſented, according to what they call poetical juſtice; and letting none be unhappy but thoſe who deſerve it. In ſuch caſes, an intelligent ſpectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a tenderneſs, but that he is a weak creature, whoſe paſſions cannot follow the dictates of his underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a way of thinking, to recollect thoſe examples of ſorrow which have made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon our imaginations. An inſtance or two of ſuch you will give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houſes in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble pas-

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paſſion, which had been long oppoſed by their friends, by reaſon of the inequality of their fortunes; but their conſtancy to each other, and obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their relations that theſe celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country to take care of a conſiderable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumſtances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occaſion; and I remember it was a common ſentence in every one's mouth — 'Tou ſee how faithful love is rewarded.

HE took this agreeable voyage, and ſent home every poſt freſh accounts of his ſucceſs in his affairs abroad; but at laſt, though he deſigned to return with the next ſhip, he lamented in his letters, that buſineſs would detain him ſome time longer from home; becauſe he would give himſelf the pleaſure of an unexpected arrival.

THE young lady, after the heatof the day, walked every evening on the ſeaſhore; near which ſhe lived, with a familiar friend, her huſband's kinſwoman; and diverted herſelf with what objects they met there, or upon diſcourſe of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumſtances. They ſtood one evening on the ſhore together in a perfect tranquillity, obſerving the ſetting of the ſun, the calm face of the deep, and the ſilent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a diſtance her kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float on the waters, which ſhe fancied was a cheſt; and with a ſmile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of jewels, ſhe had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themſelves with the ſubject of the wreck, the couſin ſtill aſſerting her right; but promiſing, if it was a prize,

to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be godmother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows, said she, but this man "may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; "the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in "impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the "thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready "for him? or may he not be the master of a family "that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for "aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, "and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his "death. What pleasure might he have promised him- "self in the different welcome he was to have from her "and them? But let us go away; it is a dreadful "sight. The best office we can do, is to take care that "the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out — "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

WHEN the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

INCIDENTS of this nature are the more moving when

when they are drawn by perſons concerned in the cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſſed beyond the power of giving them in a diſtinct light, except we gather their ſorrow from their inability to ſpeak it.

I have two original letters written both on the ſame day, which are to me exquiſite in their different kinds. The occaſion was this: a gentleman who had courted a moſt agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained alſo the conſent of her father, to whom ſhe was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they ſhould be married in the ſame church where he himſelf was, in a village in Weſtmorland, and made them ſet out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid: they had the moſt agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

SIR,

AFTER a very pleaſant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your ſon. I aſſure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he ſays your open ſleeves, pantaloons, and ſhoulderknot, made a much better ſhow than the finical dreſs I am in. However, I am contented to be the ſecond fine man this village ever ſaw, and ſhall make it very merry before night, becauſe I ſhall write myſelf from thence.

Your moſt dutiful ſon,

T. D.

THE bride gives her duty, and is as handſome as an angel — I am the happieſt man breathing!

THE villagers were aſſembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private gar-

den. The bridegroom's man knew his maſter would leave the place on a ſudden after the wedding, and ſeeing him draw his piſtols the night before, took this Opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room: and after a little fond raillery on the ſubject of their courtſhip, the lover took up a piſtol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and preſenting it to her, ſaid, with the moſt graceful air, whilſt ſhe looked pleaſed at his agreeable flattery. — "Now, Madam, repent of all thoſe cruelties you have "been guilty of to me; conſider, before you die, how "often you have made a poor wretch freeze under "your caſement; you ſhall die, you tyrant, you ſhall "die, with all thoſe inſtruments of death and deſtru-"ction about you, with that inchanting ſmile, thoſe kil-"ling ringlets of your hair —" Give fire, ſaid ſhe, laughing. He did ſo; and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his condition? But he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his maſter locked the door upon him. "Will," ſaid he, "did you charge theſe piſtols?" He anſwered — "Yes." Upon which he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a thouſand broken ſobs, piercing groans, and diſtracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead miſtreſs.

SIR,

I who two hours ago told you truly, I was the happieſt man alive, am now the moſt miſerable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a miſtake of my man's charging my piſtols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day! — I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I how myſelf upon my ſword, I command my diſtraction ſo far as to explain my ſtory to you. I fear my heart will not keep toge-

together until I have ſtabbed it. Poor good old man! — Remember, he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myſelf. If it be poſſible, do not curſe me.

AWKWARDNESS IN COMPANY.

WHEN an awkward fellow firſt comes into a room, he attempts to bow; and his ſword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confuſed and aſhamed, he ſtumbles to the upper end of the room, and ſeats himſelf in the very place where he ſhould not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he preſently drops; and, recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes hat again. Thus, 'tis a conſiderable time before he is adjuſted.

WHEN his tea or coffee is handed to him, he ſpreads his handkerchief upon his knees, ſcalds his mouth, drops either the cup or ſaucer, and ſpills the tea or coffee in his lap. At dinner, he ſeats himſelf upon the edge of the chair, at ſo great a diſtance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth; he holds his knife, fork, and ſpoon, differently from other people; eats with his knife, to the manifeſt danger of his mouth; and picks his teeth with his fork.

If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint; but, in labouring to cut through the bone, ſplaſhes the ſauce over every body's clothes. He generally daubs himſelf all over; his elbows are in the next perſon's plate; and he is up to the knuckles in ſoup and greaſe. If he drinks, 'tis with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with — "To your good "health, Sir," and "my ſervice to you:" perhaps coughs in his glaſs, and beſprinkles the whole table.

He addreſſes the company by improper titles, as, *Sir* for *my lord;* miſtakes one name for another; and tells you of Mr What-d'ye-call-him, or You know-who, Mrs Thingum, What's-her-name, or How-d'ye-call-her. He begins a ſtory; but, not being able to finiſh it, breaks off in the middle, with — "I've for-"got the reſt,"

VIRTUE MAN'S

HIGHEST

INTEREST.

I Find myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion. — Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every inſtance to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf? — No — nothing like it — the fartheſt from it poſſible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alo-

alone? — It does not. But is it not poſſible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not poſſible. What conſequence then follows? or can there be any other than this — If I ſeek an intereſt of my own detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence.

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all? If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here: 'tis a ſmoky houſe, and the ſooner out of it the-better. But why no intereſt? Can I be contented with none but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to convince me that the thing is ſomewhere at leaſt poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured that 'tis not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill — I ſtop not here — I purſue this ſocial intereſt as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again — I muſt have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons

ever

ever uniformly paſs on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety! Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governour our common Parent.

LIBERTY
AND
SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill Slavery! ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs! whom all, in public or in private, worſhip; whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo till nature herſelf ſhall change. No tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron. With thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great beſtower of it! and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion; and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeem good unto thy divine Providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

PURSUING theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was

I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellowcreatures, born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but, finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me, I took a ſingle captive; and, having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it is which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh. In thirty years, the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time — nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice. His children — But here my heart began to bleed — and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground, upon a little ſtraw in the fartheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of ſmall ſticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there. He had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand; and, with a ruſty nail, he was etching another day of miſery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door — then caſt it down — ſhook his head — and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle. He gave a deep ſigh. — I ſaw the iron enter his ſoul. — I burſt into tears — I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Particulars reſpecting the Perſon and Manners of the late KING of PRUSSIA.

THE King of Pruſſia, when in his prime, was five feet ſix inches in ſtature; by the depreſſion of age, his Majeſty loſt part of that height. When at the age of 48, his hair ſtill retained a fine dark cheſnut colour, which he took a pleaſure in dreſſing himſelf, and was always worn in a queue; after this period it gradually became grey. His voice was muſical and articulate, and he ſcarcely ever ſpoke but with a ſmile. French was his accuſtomed language; he ſpoke it with the utmoſt fluence, and more correctly than the German. In his dreſs he was extremely regardleſs when out of the field, and never wore a night-gown, night-cap or ſlippers, unleſs when indiſpoſed. Three times in the year he appeared in a new ſuit of the uniform of the firſt battalion of his guards, which was blue faced with red, and ſilver Brandenburghs, after the Spaniſh manner; his waiſtcoat was plain yellow, a point d'Eſpagne hat, and white feather. He was ſo attached to boots, that he never even on his public court days wore ſhoes.

HIS Majeſty always roſe at five in the ſummer, and about ſeven in the winter. He uſually remained uninterrupted for an hour after he was up, during which time he took his breakfaſt: he then received letters, memorials and other documents, and minuted the anſwers. From nine till eleven he gave audience to the officers of ſtate and his domeſtics. After theſe ceremonies he generally viſited the parade, and gave the word himſelf; correcting the leaſt error in the diſcipline, and requiring the utmoſt exactneſs in the exerciſe.

FROM the parade he uſually retired to the great hall of the palace, to give public audience to his ſubjects,

jects, who were always encouraged to present their own petitions. And so strictly desirous was his Majesty of doing justice, that the least delay in his executive officers always drew forth his reproofs. When he retired from this dispatch of business, he always bowed in his way through the hall, with the most courteous attention to the lowest of the assembly.

His hour of dining was usually at half an hour past twelve. His party was constantly, when not indisposed, his own ministers, those from other courts, and the officers of the first battalion of guards. His table was established to twenty-four covers for dinner, and eight for supper, for which his Majesty allowed thirtythree German crowns, or five guineas and a half English money. The dinner-time was limited to an hour: after which he rose, and walked abour for half an hour with some of the company, and then retired to his study.

He always continued in private for three hours; after which he was constantly visited by his reader, who attended him till seven, when the concert commenced, and lasted till nine. His concert was chiefly composed of wind-instruments, and singing. He played exquisitely well on the flute, was a good judge of music, and extremely nice in his selection of vocal performers. Madam *Mara* was a disciple of his school, besides whom he had three other treble singers and a countertenor.

His supper was always served in at half past nine, and he was cautious that his parties at this repast never exceeded eight; among whom the most distinguished in letters who were at his Court always found a place. *Voltaire*, *Algarotti*, *Maupertius*, Lord *Chesterfield*, and others, were of this selection. On the moment the cloth was removed, all restraint was thrown off, and the *Bon Mots* became in circulation,

lation, without reſpect of perſon or condition. His fruits and wines were always of the rareſt quality, and he was pleaſed to ſee the bottle go round. — Though he himſelf did not drink much, he was particular that his company ſhould partake of the bottle from which he filled his own glaſs. His remark was, "It may be poiſon, but if I loſe my *Life*, I'll not loſe "my *Friends*." — Voltaire, in reply, once told him, "That for his own part, he wiſhed he was as well "qualified to attend his Majeſty as *Shadrach*, *Meſheck*, "or *Abednego*."

Anecdote of the KING of PRUSSIA.

In one of the private viſits which the great Frederick was wont to pay his ſoldiery, he met a jolly fellow, who had that evening deſerted the ſervice or Mars for that of Bacchus. The Monarch, entering on diſcourſe with him, asked him, how he was able, out of ſo ſmall a ſtipend, to make ſo large an offering to the God of Wine? and added, "I aſſure you "comrade, my pay is the ſame of yours, yet I cannot "afford it. Pray, tell me, how you can do this?" — Give me your hand, my lad, you are an honeſt fellow, and I'll tell you the ſecret. To-day I have been drinking with an old acquaintance; 'tis deviliſh hard, you know, if one can't take a drop now and then with a friend; and, on theſe occaſions, a day's pay is but a ſcanty allowance; ſo I was obliged to make uſe of the old expedient." — What's that?" — "Why, to pledge thoſe of my accoutrements which I could beſt ſpare for a ſhort time. A little frugality will bring all even again, and then they may be redeemed. This morning I parted with the blade of

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my ſword. We ſhall not have a field-day for ſome time; I ſhall not therefore, have any uſe for it "— Frederick obſerved the man cloſely; thanked him for the information, then wiſhed him a good night. The next day the troops received an unexpected ſummons into the field. The King paſſed along the line, and recognizing his friend of the laſt night, ordered him, and the immediate man on his right hand, from the ranks; they were both commanded to ſtrip. "Now, "(ſays the King to his new companion) draw your "ſword, and ſtrike off that traitor's head (pointing to "the other.") — For heaven's ſake, my Liege, pardon me. This man hath been my comrade for more-than fifteen years; and ſhould this cruel office be laid on me, I ſhall never know a moments peace after. "— The King is deaf —" Since them Sire, nothing I can ſay can move you, I pray that God may be moved to work a miracle in my favour, and turn this into a wooden ſword!" He uttered this with a ſeeming fervour, and feigned the greateſt aſtoniſhment when he found it had happened as he had wiſhed. The King, knowing the artifice, could not but admire the fellows ingenuity, and not only pardoned, but rewarded him."

Avarice and Luxury.

THERE were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other: the name of the firſt was Luxury, and of the ſecond Avarice. The aim of each of them was no leſs than univerſal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him who did him great ſervice; as Pleaſure, Mirth, Pomp, and Faſhion. Avarice was likewiſe very ſtrong in his officers, being

faithfully ſerved by Hunger, Induſtry, Care, and Watchfulneſs: he had likewiſe a privy-counſellor who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counſellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himſelf by the counſels of Poverty, his antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his firſt counſellor and miniſter of ſtate, that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conqueſts were very various. Luxury got poſſeſſion of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himſelf under the banners of Avarice, and the ſon under thoſe of Luxury. The wife and huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wiſe men of the world ſtood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two potentates had wearied themſelves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that Luxury began the parley; and, after having repreſented the endleſs ſtate of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankneſs of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good friends, were it not for the inſtigations of Poverty, that pernicious counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his ear, and filled him with groundleſs apprehenſions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the firſt miniſter of his antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive counſellor than Poverty; for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary cautions againſt want, and, conſequently, undermining thoſe principles on which the government of Avarice was

foun-

founded. At laſt, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his privy-counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a peace, all other differences were ſoon accommodated; inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this reaſon, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking poſſeſſion of the ſame heart, and dividing the ſame Perſon between them. To wich I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the couſellors above mentioned, Avarice ſupplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

ADVANTAGES OF,

AND

MOTIVES TO, CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch who (to uſe our Engliſh phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheer-

fulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulneſs, but very often ſee cheerfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

CHEERFULNESS bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſoothes and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm.

IF we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

THOSE ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice or ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination, as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

THERE are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakening or grieving it. For this reaſon, ſeveral painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight; on the con-

contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe: whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion, that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and by keeping up the ſtruggle in a juſt balance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reaſon the poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of Cheerful.

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the ſame time both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The huſbandman, after the ſame manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landſkip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and increaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may farther obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them; as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſerts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher, by obſerving, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why

has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, as taſtes and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheered an delighted with agreeable ſenſations? In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

THE reader's own thoughts Will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental, diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhow us, that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated French noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who begin their romances with the flowery ſeaſons of the year, enters on his ſtory thus: "In the gloo-"my month of November, when the people of Eng-"land hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate lo-"ver walked out into the fields," &c.

EVERY one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge

dulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a ſatiety of joy, and uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind and ſorrow, or deſtroying that cheerfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr Locke, in his eſſay on human underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

"Beyond all this, we may find another reaſon "why God hath ſcattered up and down ſeveral degrees "of pleaſure and pain, in all the things that environ "and affect us, and blended them together in almoſt "all that our thoughts and ſenſes have to do with; "that we, finding imperfection, diſſatisfaction, and "want of complete happineſs in all the enjoyments "which the creatures can afford us, might be led to "ſeek it in the enjoyment of Him, 'with whom there "is fulneſs of joy, and at whoſe right-hand are plea-"ſures for evermore.

Piety to God

Recommended to the Young.

WHAT I ſhall firſt recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals and as a diſpoſition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, deſtitute of ſome of the beſt affections which belong to that age. Youth is the ſeaſon of warm and generous emotions. The heart ſhould then ſpontaneouſly riſe into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs. Where can any object be found ſo proper to kindle thoſe affections as the Father of the univerſe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majeſty which His works every where diſplay? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that proſuſion of good which, in this pleaſing ſeaſon of life, His beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of thoſe with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inſpirer of all the friendſhip which has ever been ſhown you by others; himſelf your beſt and your firſt friend: formerly, the ſupporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for all his goodneſs. Conſider it as the ſervice of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom, in former ages, your anceſtors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and bleſſed in heaven. Connected with ſo many tender ſenſibilities of ſoul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offſpring of ſpeculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

HOUSE OF *MOURNING.*

LET us go into the houſe of mourning, made ſo by ſuch afflictions as have been brought in merely by the common croſs accidents and diſaſters to which our condition is expoſed, — where, perhaps, the aged parents ſit broken-hearted, pierced to their ſouls with the folly and indiſcretion of a thankleſs child — the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered: — perhaps a more affecting ſcene — a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate ſupport of it having long ſtruggled with a train of misfortunes, andbravely fought up againſt them, — is now piteously borne down at the laſt — overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecaſt or frugality could have prevented. — O God! look upon his afflictions — Behold him diſtracted with many ſorrows, ſurrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares — without bread to give them; unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig; — to beg, aſhamed.

WHEN we enter into the houſe of mourning ſuch as this — it is impoſſible to inſult the unfortunate even with an improper look — Under whatever levity and diſſipation of heart ſuch objects catch our eyes, — they catch likewiſe our attentions, collect and call home our ſcattered thoughts, and exerciſe them with wiſdom. A tranſient ſcene of diſtreſs, ſuch as is here ſketched, how ſoon does it furniſh materials to ſet the mind at work? how neceſſarily does it engage it to the conſideration of the miſeries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities, to which the life of man is ſubject? By holding up ſuch a glaſs before it, it forces the mind to ſee and reflect upon the vanity — the periſhing condition and uncertain tenure, of every thing in this world. From reflections of this ſerious caſt, how inſenſibly do the thoughts carry us farther? — and from conſidering what we

are, — what kind of world we live in, and what evil befals us in it, how naturally do they ſet us to look forward at what poſſibly we ſhall be? — for what kind of world we are intended — what evils may befal us there — and what proviſion we ſhould make againſt them here whilſt we have time and opportunity? If theſe leſſons are ſo inſeparable from the houſe of mourning here ſuppoſed — we ſhall find it a ſtill more inſtructive ſchool of viſdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wiſe man ſeems to confine it in the text; in which, by the houſe of mourning, I believe he means that particular ſcene of ſorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn in hither, I beſeech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only ſon of his mother, and ſhe a widow. Perhaps a ſtill more affecting ſpectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family lies breathleſs — ſnatched away in the ſtrength of his age — torn in an evil hour from his children and the boſom of a diſconſolate wife. Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with ſettled ſorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the houſe of mourning, to perform that laſt melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay to each other. If this ſad occaſion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice, to what a ſerious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced the moment he enters *this* gate of affliction. The buſy and fluttering ſpirits, which in the houſe of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another — ſee how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy manſion, full of ſhades and uncomfortable damps to ſeize the ſoul — ſee, the light and eaſy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how penſive it is now, how ſoft, how ſuſceptible, how full of religious impreſ-

ſions,

ſions, how deeply it is ſmitten with a ſenſe and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this criſis, whilſt this empire of reaſon and religion laſts, and the heart is thus exerciſed with wiſdom and buſied with heavenly contemplations — could we ſee it naked as it is — ſtripped of its paſſions, unſpotted by the world, and regardleſs of its pleaſures — we might then ſafely reſt our cauſe upon this ſingle evidence, and appeal to the moſt ſenſual, whether Solomon has not made a juſt determination here, in favour of the houſe of mourning? not for its own ſake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occaſion of ſo much good. Without this end, ſorrow, I own, has no uſe but to ſhorten a man's days — nor can gravity, with all its ſtudied ſolemnity of look and carriage, ſerve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impoſe upon the other.

THE FOLLY OF INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS world may be conſidered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune expoſes to our view various commodities, riches, eaſe, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a ſettled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is ſo much ready money which we are to lay out to the beſt advantage. Examine, compare, chooſe, reject: but ſtand to jour own judgment; and do not, like childern, when you have purchaſed one thing, repine that you do not poſſeſs another which you did not purchaſe. Such is the force of well regulated induſtry, that a ſteady and a vigorous exertion

tion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and wordly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be contend to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to te right hand or to the left. — "But I cannot submit to drudgery like "this — I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased — by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be learned. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate "fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms "of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figu-"re, while I have little more than the common con-"veniences, of life!" Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight-lamp, and distilled the

sweet-

ſweetneſs from the Greek and Roman ſpring? You have then miſtaken your path, and ill employed your induſtry. "What reward have I then for all my la-"bours?" What reward! A large comprehenſive ſoul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man — of God. A rich, flouriſhing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhauſtible ſtores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual ſpring of freſh ideas, and the conſcious dignity of ſuperiour intelligence. Good Heaven! and what reward can you aſk beſides?

"But is it not ſome reproach upon the œconomy "of Providence that ſuch a one, who is a mean dirty "fellow, ſhould have amaſſed wealth enough to buy "half a nation?" Not in the leaſt. He made himſelf a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conſcience, his liberty, for it; and will you envy his bargain? Will you hang your head and bluſh in his preſence becauſe he outſhines you in equipage and ſhow? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and ſay to yourſelf, "I have not "theſe things, it is true; but it is becauſe I have not "ſought, becauſe I have not deſired them; it is becauſe "I poſſeſs ſomething better: I have choſen my lot; "I am content and ſatisfied."

You are a modeſt man — you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reſerve in your temper which renders it impoſſible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modeſt retirement, with the eſteem of your intimate friends, with the praiſes of a blameleſs heart, and a delicate ingenuous ſpirit; but reſign the ſplendid diſtinctions of the world to thoſe who can better ſcramble for them.

The man whoſe tender ſenſibility of conſcience and

and ſtrict regard to the rules of morality make him ſcrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the diſadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over "ſome nice points, and conform to the practice and "opinion of thoſe about me, I might ſtand as fair a "chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from diſcarding this troubleſome ſcrupuloſity of yours, which ſtands ſo grievouſly in your way? If it be a ſmall thing to enjoy a healthful mind, ſound at the very core, that does not ſhrink from the keeneſt inſpection; inward freedom from remorſe and perturbation, unſullied whiteneſs and ſimplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind;

if you think theſe advantages an inadequate recompenſe for what you reſign, diſmiſs your ſcruples this inſtant, and be a ſlave-merchant, a director — or what you pleaſe.

ON PEDANTRY.

PEDANTRY, in the common ſenſe of the word, means an abſurd oſtentation of learning, and ſtiffneſs of phraſeology, proceeding from a miſguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

BUT I have often thought, that we might extend its ſignification a god deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which diſpoſes a perſon to ob-

obtrude upon others ſubjects of converſation relating to his own buſineſs, ſtudies, or amuſements.

In this ſenſe of the phraſe, we ſhould find pedants in every character and condition of life. Inſtead of a black coat and plain ſhirt, we ſhould often ſee pedantry appear in an embroidered ſuit and Bruſſels lace; inſtead of being bedaubed with ſnuff, we ſhould find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloiſters of an univerſity, we ſhould mark it in the ſtate of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daiſy, Eſq; is a pedant of this laſt kind. When he tells you that his ruffles coſt twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the firſt of the kind, made by one of the moſt eminent artiſts in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of thoſe worn by the Comte d'Artois; that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has ſet the faſhion to half a dozen of the fineſt fellows in town: when he deſcants on all theſe particulars, with that ſmile of ſelf-complacency which ſits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verſes from Pindar, tells ſtories out of Herodotus. and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr Daiſy is ſtruck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir Thomas, whoſe pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young Baronet is juſt returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of muſic, he cuts you ſhort with the hiſtory of the firſt ſinger at Naples; of painting, he runs you down with a deſcription of the gallery at Florence; of architecture, he over-

owerwhelms you with the dimenſions of St. Peter's, or the great church at Antwerp; or, if you leave the province of art altogether; and introduce the name of a river or hill, he inſtantly deluges you with the Rhine, or makes you dizzy with the height of Ætna, or Mount Blanc.

Miss will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when ſhe talks all the time of dinner on the compoſition of the pudding, or the ſeaſoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a diſquiſition on the figure of the damaſk table-cloth, with a word or two on the thriſt of making one's own linen: but the young lady will be ſurpriſed when I inform her, that her own hiſtory of laſt Thurſday's aſſembly, with the epiſode of Lady Di's feather, and the digreſſion to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dreſſer, was alſo a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs Caudle is guilty of the ſame weakneſs, when ſhe recounts the numberleſs witticiſms of her daughter Emmy, deſcribes the droll figure her little Bill made yeſterday at trying on his firſt pair of breeches, and informs us, that Bobby has got ſeven teeth, and is juſt cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wedneſday at ſix o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry leſs diſguſting, when ſhe proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her huſband; though this laſt ſpecies is ſo uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into converſation for the ſake of novelty.

There is pedantry in every diſquiſition, however maſterly it may be, that ſtops the general converſation of the company. When Silius delivers that ſort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is ſupported by the moſt extenſive information and the cleareſt diſcernment, it is ſtill pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of Silius, I cannot help being uneaſy at his

his exhibition of them. In the courſe of this diſſertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he ſeems to acquire ſtrength and inclination for the progreſs. Laſt night, after ſupper, Silius began upon Proteſtantiſm, proceeded to the Iriſh maſſacre, went through the Revolution, drew the character of King William, repeated anecdotes of Schomberg, and ended at a quarter paſt twelve, by delineating the courſe of the Boyne, in half a bumper of port, upon my beſt table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my couſin Sophy's white ſatin petticoat.

In ſhort, every thing, in this ſenſe of the word, is pedantry, which tends to deſtroy that equality of converſation which is neceſſary to the perfect eaſe and goodhumour of the company. Every one would be ſtruck with the unpoliteneſs of that perſon's behaviour, who ſhould help himſelf to a whole plate of peaſe or ſtrawberries which ſome friend had ſent him for a rarity in the beginning of the ſeaſon. Now, converſation is one of thoſe good things of which our gueſts or companions are equally intitled to a ſhare, as of any other conſtituent part of the entertainment; and it is as eſſential a want of politeneſs to engroſs the one as to monopolize the other.

Besides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own diſcourſe, or the rate at which the diſpoſitions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the ſtories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteneſs or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to conſider, that the diſh we bring to this entertainment, however pleaſing to our own taſte, may prove but moderately palatable to thoſe we mean to treat with it; and that, to every man, as well as ourſelves (except a few very humble ones),

his own converſation is the *plate of peaſe or ſtrawberries.*

On the Death of a Young Lady.

THE conſideration of death has always been made uſe of, by the moraliſt and the divine, as a poverful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to ſink the eſtimation of its pleaſures; and if they could not ſtrip the ſeductions of vice of their preſent enjoyment, at leaſt to load them with the fear of their end.

VOLUPTUARIES, on the other hand, have, from a ſimilar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perſuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have adviſed us to pluck the roſes which would otherwiſe ſoon wither of themſelves; to ſeize the moments which we could not long command; and, ſince time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

OF neither of theſe perſuaſives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the ſevere or the gay, have the effects been great. Life muſt neceſſarily conſiſt of active ſcenes, which exclude from its general tenour the leiſure of meditation and the influence of thought. The ſchemes of the buſy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amuſements of the diſſipated be either controlled or endeared by the ſhortneſs of their duration. Even the cell of the anchorite, and the cloiſter of the monk, have their buſineſs and their pleaſures; for ſtudy may become buſineſs, and abſtraction pleaſure, when they engage the mind and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the preſent and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the inſignificancy of the former and the importance of the latter.

It were eaſy to ſhow the wiſdom and benignity of Providence — Providence ever wiſe and benign — in this particular of our conſtitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often obſerved, and too juſt not to have been always allowed.

But though neither the ſituation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a conſtant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may ſurely ſometimes, not unſeaſonably, preſs upon our imagination; even excluſive of their moral or religious uſe, there is a ſympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful, *to go to the houſe of mourning, than to the houſe of feaſting.*

Perhaps I felt it ſo, when, but a few days ſince, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doted on her, of a family by whom ſhe was adored: I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time for all the mirth which gaiety could inſpire, or all the pleaſure which luxury could beſtow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her perſon, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed; and they had been attended with that ſucceſs which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by miſtaken fondneſs or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it leſs: with all the charms of beauty, and the poliſh of education, the plaineſt were not leſs affected, nor the moſt ignorant leſs aſſuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by ſuch private and domeſtic diſtreſſes, that the ſofter emotions of the heart are moſt ſtrongly excited. The fall of more important perſonages is commonly diſtant from our obſervation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compaſſion is weakened. The eminently great, or extenſively uſeful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views and diſappointed expectations, by which the diſtreſs is complicated beyond the ſimplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like Maria, was to ſhed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her ſiſters, preſents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive and every heart can feel. On ſcenes of public ſorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon thoſe gallery-pictures which ſtrike us with wonder and admiration: domeſtic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our boſoms, and keep for ſecret looks and ſolitary enjoyment.

The laſt time I ſaw Maria was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the gracefulneſs of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien; yet ſo tempered was that ſuperiority which they conferred with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalſhip of beauty or the envy of homelineſs. From that ſcene, the tranſition was ſo violent to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my ſenſes: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as ſtill living.

I was ſoon, however, recalled to the ſad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the ſilent ſuffering compoſure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his atten-

attendants, whoſe grief was light, and capable of tears; theſe gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I ſhould ſee her no more. There was a ſlow a ſorrow with which I ſuffered myſelf to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its ſound on the coffiu chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment. — He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtans who were throwing the earth into it; then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful; but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly: caſt on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Story of the Siege of Calais.

Edward III. after the battle of Creſſy, laid ſiege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in ſo impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raiſe the ſiege, or throw ſuccours into the city. — The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant gavernour, made an admirable defence. — France had now put the ſickle into her ſecond harveſt, ſince Edward, with his victorious army, ſat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. — After ſuffering unheard-of calamities, they reſolved to attempt the

enemy's camp. — They boldly ſallied forth: The Engliſh joined battle; and, after a long and deſperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken priſoner, and the citizens who ſurvived the ſlaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Euſtace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with EDWARD, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. EDWARD, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, conſented to ſpare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him ſix of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his meſſenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, conſternation and pale diſmay were impreſſed on every countenance. — To a long and dead ſilence deep ſighs and groans ſucceeded, till Euſtace St. Pierre getting up to a little eminence, thus addreſſed the aſſembly: — "My friends, we are brought to great ſtraits this day. We muſt either yield to the terms of our cruel and enſnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal luſts of the violating ſoldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up thoſe (who have ſuffered every miſery with you) on the one hand, or the deſolation and horrour of a ſacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left, a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himſelf an oblation for the ſafety of his people! He ſhall not fail of a bleſſed approbation from that POWER, who offered up his only Son for the ſalvation of mankind." He ſpoke; — but an univerſal ſilence enſued. — Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wiſhed to approve in themſelves, though they wan-

wanted the reſolution. At length St. Pierre reſumed, "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous, of this martyrdom than I can be; though the ſtation to which I am raiſed, by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the firſt in giving my life for your ſakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?" "Your ſon," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity. — "Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice ſacrificed. — But, no: I have rather begotten thee a ſecond time. Thy years are few, but full, my ſon. The victim of virtue has reached the utmoſt purpoſe and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes." "Your kinſman," cried John de Aire. "Your kinſman," cried James Wiſſant. "Your kinſman," cried Peter Wiſſant. — "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, burſting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais!" The ſixth victim was ſtill wanting, but was quickly ſupplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of ſo ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the ſix priſoners into his cuſtody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the Engliſh. Before they departed, however, they deſired permiſſion to take their laſt adieu of their deliverers. — What a parting! what a ſcene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow-priſoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell proſtrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning paſſed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the Engliſh camp. — The Engliſh, by this time, were appriſed of what paſſed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their ſouls were touched with compaſſion. Each of the ſoldiers prepared a portion of his own victu-

als to welcome and entertain the halfſamiſhed inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their preſent weakneſs was able to bear, in order to ſupply them with ſuſtenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the Engliſh were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themſelves on each ſide, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots as they paſſed. They bowed down to them on all ſides. They murmured their applauſe of that virtue, which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded thoſe ropes which they had volnntarily aſſumed about their necks, as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh garter. As ſoon as they had reached the preſence, "Mauny," ſays the monarch, "Are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais?" — "They are," ſays Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any ſhare in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably," ſays EDWARD? "Was there no reſiſtance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the leaſt, my Lord; the people would all have periſhed, rather than have delivered the leaſt of theſe to your Majeſty. They are ſelf-delivered, ſelf-devoted, and come to offer up their ineſtimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ranſom of thouſands." EDWARD was ſecretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a Britiſh ſubject, and ſuppreſſed his reſentment. "Experience," ſays he, "has ever ſhown, that lenity only ſerves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indeſpenſibly neceſſary to compel ſubjects to ſubmiſſion by puniſhment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead theſe men to execution. Your rebellion," continued he, addreſſing himſelf to St. Pierre; "your rebellion againſt me, the natural heir

heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your preſent preſumtion and affront of my power." — "We have nothing to aſk of your Majeſty" ſaid Euſtace, "ſave what you cannot refuſe us." — "What is that?" "Your eſteem, my Lord," ſaid Euſtace; and went out with his companions.

At this inſtant a ſound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had juſt arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majeſty, and briefly informed her of the particulars reſpecting the ſix victims.

As ſoon as ſhe had been welcomed by Edward and his court, ſhe deſidered a private audience. "My Lord," ſaid ſhe, "the queſtion I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics — it reſpects the honour of the Engliſh nation; it reſpects the glory of my Edward, my huſband, my king. — You think you have ſentenced ſix of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have ſentenced themſelves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

"They have behaved themſelves worthily; they have behaved themſelves greatly: and I cannot but reſpect, while I envy them, for leaving us no ſhare in the honour of this action, ſave that of granting a poor, an diſpenſible pardon. I admit they have deſerved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the moſt inveterate and obſtinate of your enemies. They alone have withſtood the rapid courſe of your conqueſts, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gtatify their deſires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlaſting glory and applauſe? But if ſuch a death would exalt mechanics

over the fame of the moſt illuſtrious heroes; how would the name of EDWARD, with all his triumphs, be tarniſhed thereby? Would it not be ſaid, that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects whom he deſtines to the puniſhment of felons, are the very men who deſerve the praiſe and eſteem of mankind? The ſtage on which they would ſuffer, would be to them a ſtage of honour, but a ſtage of ſhame to EDWARD; a reproach to his conqueſts; an indelible diſgrace to his name. — No, my Lord, let us rather diſappoint theſe haughty burghers, who wiſh to inveſt themſelves with glory at our expence. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a ſacrifice ſo nobly intended, but we may cut them ſhort of their deſires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be conſummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confuſion with applauſes. We ſhall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend thoſe who ſuffer in the cauſe of virtue." "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it ſo," replied EDWARD: "Prevent the execution; have them inſtantly before us." — They came; when the Queen, with an aſpect and accents diffuſing ſweetneſs, thus beſpoke them: "Natives of France and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vaſt expence of blood and treaſure in the recovery of our juſt and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the beſt of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are ſo long kept out of our rightful poſſeſſions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our perſon and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, ſave reſpect and affection for you. You have been ſufficiently teſted. We looſe your chains; we ſnatch you from the ſcaffold; and we thank you for that leſſon of humiliation which you teach us, when

when you ſhow us, that excellence is not of blood, of tittle, or ſtation; — that virtue gives a dignity ſuperiour to that of Kings; and that thoſe whom the Almighthy informs with ſentiments like yours, are juſtly and eminently raiſed above all human diſtinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all thoſe whoſe lives and liberties you have ſo nobly redeemed, provided you refuſe not the tokens of our eſteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourſelves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpoſe, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that EDWARD has to beſtow. — Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wiſh that England were intitled to call you her ſons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre; "It is now that I tremble for you. EDWARD only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

Captain Bobadil's method of Defeating an Army.

I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private and under ſeal, I am a gentleman; and live here obſcure, and to myſelf: but, were I known to his Majeſty and the Lords, obſerve me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the ſtate, not only to ſpare the entire lives of his ſubjects in general, but to ſave the one half, nay three fourths of his yearly charge in holding war, and againſt what enemy ſœver. And how would I do it, think you? — Why thus, Sir. — I would ſelect nineteen more to myſelf, throughout the land: gentlemeu they ſhould be; of good ſpirit, ſtrong and able conſtitution. I would chuſe them by an inſtinct that I have. And I would teach theſe nineteen the ſpecial

cial rules; as your Punto, your Reverſo, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Paſſada, your Montonto; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myſelf. This done, ſay the enemy were forty thouſand ſtrong. We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy: they could not, in their honour, refuſe us. Well — we would kill them: challenge twenty more — kill them twenty more — kill them: twenty more — kill them too. And, thus, would we kill, every man, his ten a-day — that's ten ſcore: ten ſcore — that's two hundred: two hundred a-day — five days, a thouſand: forty times five — five times forty — two hundred days kill them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemantlike carcaſe to perform (provided there be no treaſon practiſed upon us) by fair and diſcreet manhood; that is, civilly — by the ſword.

Journal of the Life of Alexander Severus.

ALEXANDER roſe early. The firſt moments of the day were conſecrated to private devotion: but, as he deemed the ſervice of mankind the moſt acceptable worſhip of the gods, the greateſt part of his morning hours was employed in council; where he diſcuſſed public affairs, and determined private cauſes, with a patience and diſcretion above his years. The dryneſs of buſineſs was enlivened by the charms of literature; and a portion of time was always ſet apart for his favourite ſtudies of poetry, hiſtory, and philoſophy. The works of Virgil and Horace, the republics of Plato and Cicero, formed his taſte, enlarged his underſtanding, and gave him the nobleſt ideas of man and of government. The exerciſes of the body ſucceded to thoſe of the mind; and Alexander,

ander, who was tall, active, and robuſt, ſurpaſſed moſt of his equals in the gymnaſtic arts. Refreſhed by the uſe of the bath, and a ſlight dinner, he reſumed, with new vigour, the buſineſs of the day; and, till the hour of ſupper, the principal meal of the Romans, he was attended by his ſecretaries, with whom he read and anſwered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that muſt have been addreſſed to the maſter of the greateſt part of the world. His table was ſerved with the moſt frugal ſimplicity; and whenever he was at liberty to conſult his own inclination, the company conſiſted of a few ſelect friends, men of learning and virtue. His dreſs was plain and modeſt; his demeanour courteous and affable. At the proper hours, his palace was open to all his ſubjects: but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleuſinian myſteries, pronouncing the ſame ſalutary admonition. — "Let none enter theſe holy walls, unleſs he is conſcious of a pure and innocent mind."

Character of Julius Cæſar.

CÆSAR was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the aſcendant in ſociety: formed to excel in peace as well as war, provident in counſel, fearleſs in act'on, and executing what he had reſolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond meaſure to his friends, placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning eloquence, ſcarce inferiour to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are ſeldom found together, ſtrength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greateſt orators that Rome ever bred: and Quintilian ſays, that he ſpoke with the

the ſame force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himſelf to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a maſter only of the politer arts, but converſant alſo with the moſt abſtruſe and critical parts of learning; and among other works which he publiſhed, addreſſed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of ſpeaking and writing correctly. He was a moſt liberal patron of wit and learning, whereſoever they were found; and out of his love of thoſe talents, would readily pardon thoſe who had employed them againſt himſelf; rightly judging, that by making ſuch men his friends, he ſhould draw praiſes from the ſame fountain from which he had been aſperſed. His capital paſſions were ambition and love of pleaſure; which he indulged in their turns to the greateſt exceſs: yet the firſt was always predominant; to which he could eaſily ſacrifice all the charms of the ſecond, and draw pleaſure even from toils and dangers, when they miniſtered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero ſays, the greateſt of goddeſſes; and had frequently in his mouth a verſe of Euripides, which expreſſed the image of his ſoul. That if right and juſtice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the ſake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpoſe of his life; the ſcheme that he had formed from his early youth: ſo that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with ſobriety and meditation to the ſubverſion of the republic. He uſed to ſay, that there were two things neceſſary to acquire and to ſupport power — ſoldiers and money; which yet depended mutually on each other: with money, therefore, he provided ſoldiers, and with ſoldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the moſt rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; ſparing neither prince nor ſtate, nor temple, nor even private perſons, who were known to poſſeſs any ſhare of treaſure. His great abilites would neceſſarily have made

made him one of the firſt citiſens of Rome; but, diſdaining the condition of ſubject, he could never reſt till he had made himſelf a monarch. In acting this laſt part, his uſual prudence ſeemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain oſtentation of his power, he deſtroyed the ſtability of it; and, as men ſhorten life by living too faſt, ſo, by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Character of Francis I.

FRANCIS died at Rambouillet, on the laſt day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third of his reign. — During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalſhip ſubſiſted between him and the Emperor; which involved, not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars, proſecuted with more violent animoſity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumſtances contributed to both. Their animoſity was founded in oppoſition of intereſt, heightened by perſonal emulation, and exaſperated, not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal inſults. At the ſame time, whatever advantage one ſeemed to poſſeſs towards gaining the aſcendant, was wonderfully balanced by ſome favourable circumſtance peculiar to the other. The Emperor's dominions were of great extent; the French King's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with abſolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he ſupplied the want of authority by addreſs: the troops of the former were more

more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter, better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue.

The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly; prosecuted them, at first, with warmth; and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage: but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness: but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy; and neither danger, nor discouragement, could turn him aside from the execution of it.

The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the Emperor's best laid schemes; Charles, by a more calm, but a steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repulsed his most vigorous efforts. The former, at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter, waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered, in the end, not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue; many of the Emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner.

The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation, has not been fixed, either by a strict

ſtrict ſcrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial conſideration of the greatneſs and ſucceſs of the ir undertakings; and Francis is one of thoſe monarchs, who occupy a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either their talents or performances intitle them to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumſtances. The ſuperiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which, from that period, he preſerved through the remainder of his remainder of his reign, was ſo manifeſt, that Francis's ſtruggle againſt his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by moſt of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally ariſes for thoſe who gallantly maintain an unequal conteſt, but with the favour due to one, who was reſiſting a common enemy, and endeavouring to ſet bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes, too, eſpecially among their contemporaries, depend, not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities as men. Francis, notwithſtanding the many errours conſpicuous in his foreign policy and domeſtic adminiſtration, was, nevertheleſs, humane, beneficent, generous. He poſſeſſed dignity without pride, affability free from meanneſs, and courteſy exempt from deceit. All who had acceſs to know him, and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege, reſpected and loved him. Captivated with his perſonal qualities, his ſubjects forgot his defects as a monarch; and, admiring him as the moſt accompliſhed and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they hardly murmured at acts of mal-adminiſtration, which, in a prince of leſs engaging diſpoſitions, would have been deemed unpardonable.

THIS admiration, however, muſt have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who beſtowed it; the illuſion ariſing from his private virtues muſt have ceaſed, and poſte-

rity would have judged of his public conduct with its uſual impartiality: but another circumſtance prevented this; and his name hath been tranſmited to poſterity with increaſing reputation. Science, and the arts, had, at that time, made little progreſs in France. They where juſt beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only ſeat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himſelf in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court, he converſed with them familiarly, he employed them in buſineſs, he raiſed them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the reſpect to which they fancey themſelves intitled, than apt to be pleaſed when treated with the diſtinction which they conſider as their due, thought they could not exceed in gratitude to ſuch a benefactor, and ſtrained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity, in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their deſcriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of *Fathers of Letters*, beſtowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory ſacred among hiſtorians; and they ſeem to have regarded it as a ſort of impiety, to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithſtanding his inferiour abilities, and want of ſucceſs, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he poſſeſſed as a man, have intitled him to greater admiration and praiſe, than have been beſtowed upon the extenſive genius, and fortunate arts, of a more capable, but leſs amiable rival.

Satire,

Satire, when juſt, muſt be dictated by good-nature.

It was with very great diſpleaſure I heard this day a man ſay of a companion of his, with an air of approbation — *You know Tom never fails of ſaying a ſpiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but ſatire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenace, that pretended to talk to him?* Such impertinent applauſes, which one meets with every day, put me upon conſidering, what true Raillery and Satire were in themſelves, and this. methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent perſons that were admired for talents this way. When I had rum over ſaveral ſuch in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the aſſertion might appear at firſt ſight, that good-nature was an eſſential quality in a Satiriſt, and that all the ſentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing muſt proceed from that quality in the author. Good-nature produces a diſdain of all baſeneſs, vice, and folly; which prompts them to expreſs themſelves with ſmartneſs againſt the errors of men, without bitterneſs towards their perſons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unſeaſonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil ſaid, he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius, he was in perfect good humour; and was not ſo much moved at their abſurdities, as paſſionately to call them ſots or block heads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of ſcorn, without any mixtureof anger.

The beſt good man, with the worſt natur'd muſe,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famout for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary ſubjects for Satire are ſuch as incite the greateſt indignation in the beſt tempers, and conſequently men of ſuch a make are the beſt

qualified for ſpeaking of the offences in human life. Theſe men can behold vice and folly, when they injure perſons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the ſame ſeverity as others reſent the ills they do to themſelves. A good-natured man cannot ſee an overbearing fellow put a baſhful man of merit out of countenance, or outſtrip him in the purſuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to ſuccour the oppreſſed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greateſt character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one illnatured expreſſion in all their writings; not one ſentence of ſeverity, whics does not apparently proceed from the contrary diſpoſition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might poſſibly perſuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men with-out ſpeaking ill of any, but thoſe who deſerve it: but in the peruſal of theſe writers it may not be unneceſſary to conſider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greateſt goodneſs and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconſiſtencies in behaviour, falſe pretences to politeneſs, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarſer ſort could not come under his conſideration, or enter the palace of Auguſtus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whoſe reign every thing that was great and noble was baniſhed the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it paſſes by in triumph, not as it breaks into converſation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Auguſtus, to have taked like Juvenal had been madneſs; or in thoſe of Domitian, like

Hora-

Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of purſuing them. Vice and corruption are attaked by Juvenal in a ſtile which denotes, he fears he ſhall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obſcenities of his contemporaries.

THIS accidental talk of theſe two great men carries me from my deſign, which was to tell ſome coxcombs that run about this town with the name of Smart Satirical Fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the caracters they pretend to, of being ſevere upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

THERE is a certain impartiality neceſſary to make what a man ſays bear any weight with thoſe he ſpeaks to. This quality, with reſpect to men's errors and vices, is never ſeen but in good-natured men. They have ever ſuch a frankneſs of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impreſſions of unkindneſs without mature deliberation; and writing or ſpeaking ill of a man upon perſonal conſiderations is ſo irreparable and mean an injury, that no one poſſeſſed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the ſame genius with the commentators, into whoſe hands they fall when dead. I dare ſay it is impoſſible for any man of more wit than one of theſe to take any of the four and twenty letters, and form out of them a name to deſcribe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of theſe would immediately cry —'Mr. ſuch a one is meant in that place.' But the

truth of it is, Satiriſts deſcribe the age, and backbiters aſſign their deſcriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the ſentence appears to ariſe from perſonal hatred or paſſion, it is not then made the cauſe of mankind, but a miſunderſtandig between two perſons. For this reaſon the repreſentations of a good-natured man bear a pleaſantry in them, which ſheus there is no malignity at heart, and by conſequence they are attended to by his heares or readers, becauſe they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can ſay a thing general enough, to pas off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a paſſion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had ſpoken ill of him, uſed to ſay — 'I will not take my reven-'ge of him, until I have forgiven him.' What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this ſubject, until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rulle ſeen him more than once triumph over his adverſary with an inimitable ſpirit and humour; for he came to the aſſault againſt a man full of ſore places, and he himſelf invulnerable.

There is no poſſibility of ſucceeding in a ſatirical way of writing or ſpeaking except a man throws himſelfs quite out of the queſtion. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, becauſe it is your quarrel. You muſt make your Satire the concern of ſociety in general, if you would have it regarded. When it is ſo, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many briſk and diſdainful ſentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the wordl will not be able to repartee.

Lysander, disturbed in has Solitude.

Lysander has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure and tranquillity; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended; for he attacked him in so wrong a season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed upon him without giving him much uneasiness. Lysander had, after a long satiety of the town, been so happy as to get to a solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a pleasure he had so long discontinued, that of reading. He was got to the bank of a rivulet, covered by a pleasing shade, and fanned by a soft breeze; which threw his mind into that sort of composure and attention, in which a man, though with indolence, enjoys the utmost liveliness of his spirits, and the greatest strength of his mind at the same time. In this state, Lysander represents that he was reading Virgil's Georgics, when on a sudden the gentleman above-mentioned surprized him; and without any manner of preparation falls upon him at once — *What! I have found you at last, after searching all over the wood! we wanted you at cards after dinner; but you are much better employed. I have heard, indeed, that you are an excellent scholar. But at the same time, is it not a little unkind to rob the ladies, who like you so wel, of the pleasure of your company? But that is, indeed, the misfortune of you great scholars; you are seldom so fit for the world as those who never trouble themselves with books. Well, I see you are taken up with your learning there, and I will leave you.* Lysander says, he made him no answer, but took a resolution to complain to me.

It is a ſubſtantial affliction, when men govern themſelves by the rules of good-breeding, that by the very force of them they are ſubjected to the inſolence of thoſe, who either never will, or never can, underſtand them. The ſuperficial part of mankind form to themſelves little meaſures of behaviour from the outſide of things. By the force of theſe narrow conceptions, they act among themſelves with applauſe; and do not apprehend they are contemptible to thoſe of higher underſtanding, who are reſtrained by decencies above their knowledge from ſhewing a diſlike. Hence it is, that becauſe complaiſance is a good quality in converſation, one impertinent takes upon him on all occaſions to commend; and becauſe mirth is agreable, another thinks it fit eternally to jeſt. I have of late received many packets of letters, complaining of theſe ſpreading evils. A lady who is lately arrived at the Bath acquaints me, there were in the ſtage-coach wherein ſhe went down a common flatterer, and a common jeſter. Theſe gentlemen were, ſhe tells me, rivals in her favour; and adds, if there ever happened a caſe wherein of two perſons one was not liked more than another, it was in that journey. They differed only in proportion to the degree of diſlike between the nauſeous and the inſipid. Both theſe characters of men are born out of a barrenneſs of imagination. They are never fools by Nature; but become ſuch out of an impotent ambition of being, what ſhe never intended them, men of wit and converſation. I therefore think fit to declare, that according to the known laws of this land, a man may be a very honeſt gentleman, and enjoy himſelf and his friend, without being a wit; and I abſolve all men from taking pains to be ſuch for the future. As the preſent caſe ſtands, is it not very unhappy that Lyſander muſt be attacked and applauded in a wood, and Corinna jolted and commended in a ſtage-coach; and this for no man-

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manner of reaſon, but becauſe other people have a mind to ſhew their parts? I grant, indeed, if theſe people, as they have underſtanding enough for it, would confine their accompliſhments to thoſe of their own degree of talents, it were to be tolerated; but when they are ſo inſolent as to interrupt the meditations of the wiſe, the converſations of the agreeable, and the whole behaviour of the modeſt, it becomes a grievance naturally in my juriſdiction. Among themſelves, I cannot only overlook, but approve it. I was preſent the other day at a converſation, where a man of this height of breeding and ſenſe told a young woman of the ſame form — *To be ſure, Madam, every thing muſt pleaſe that comes from a lady. She anſwered — I know. Sir, you are ſo much a gentleman, that you think ſo.* Why, this was well on both ſides; and it is impoſible that ſuch a gentleman and lady ſhould do otherwiſe than think well of one another. Theſe are but looſe hints of the diſturbances in human ſociety, for which there is yet no remedy but I ſhall in a little time publiſh tables of reſpect and civility, by which perſons may be inſtructed in the proper times and ſeaſons, as well as at what degree of intimacy a man may be allowed to commend or rally his companions; the promiſcuous licence of which is, at preſent, far from being among the ſmall errors in converſation.

P. S. The following letter was left, with a requeſt to be immediately anſwered, leſt the artifices uſed againſt a lady in diſtreſs may come into common practice.

SIR,

MY eldeſt ſiſter buried her huſband about ſix months ago; and at his funeral, a gentleman of more art than honeſty, on the night of his interment, while ſhe was not herſelf, but in the utmoſt

agony of her grief, ſpoke to her of the ſubject of love. In that weakneſs and diſtraction which my ſiſter was in, as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any body, he obtained her promiſe of marriage, which was accordingly conſummated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My ſiſter is now ready to lye-in. She humbly aſks of you, as you are a friend to the ſex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether ſhe may not be relieved from this ſecond marriage; conſidering it was promiſed under ſuch circumſtances as one may very well ſuppoſe ſhe did not what ſhe did voluntarily, but becauſe ſhe was helpleſs otherwiſe. She is adviſed ſomething about engagements made in goal, which ſhe thinks the ſame, as to the reaſon of the thing. But, dear Sir, ſhe relies upon your advice, and gives you her ſervice; as does your humble ſervant.

REBECCA MIDRIFFE.

THE caſe is very hard; and I fear the plea ſhe is adviſed to make, from the ſimilitude of a man who is in dureſſe, will not prevail. But though I deſpair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child his choice of his father where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

YOUNG,
Margery, alias Doctor, her life and adventures.

IT is one of the deſigns of this paper to tranſmit to poſterity an account of every thing that is monſtrous in my own times. For this reaſon, I ſhall here publiſh to the world the life of a perſon who was

was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correſpondents, who ſeems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and thoſe occaſional diſſertations, which he has wrought into the body of his hiſtory. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practiſed phyſic in a man's cloaths, and, after having had two wives and ſeveral children, died about a month ſince.

SIR,

I HERE make bold to trouble you with a ſhort account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you pleaſe, a ſecond part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not ſeem ſo ſtrange to you, who if I am not miſtaken, have ſomewhere mentioned with honour your ſiſter Kirleus, as a practitioner both in phyſic and aſtrology: but in the common opinion of mankind, a ſhe-quack is altogether as ſtrange and aſtoniſhing a creature as the centaur that practiſed phyſic in the days of Achilles, or as Kind Phys in the Rehearſal. Æſculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by theathen hiſtorians as guilty both of ſacrilege and blaſphemy; having robbed the ſtatue of Æſculapius of a thick buſhy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuſe, that it was a ſhame the ſon ſhould havec a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter inſtance, indeed, ſeems ſomething to favour a female profeſſor, ſince, as I have been told, the ancient ſtatues of Apollo are generally made with a head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by thoſe who have ſeen them both, that

that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much reſemble Doctor Youug. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in phyſic, that made as great devaſtations and ſlaughters as any of our chief heroes of the art, and was as fatal to the Englich in theſe our days, as the famons Joan d'Arc was in thoſe of our foreſathers.

I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write, until the year 1695; at which time the Doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a baſtard child. The ſcandal of ſuch a misfortune gave ſo great an uneaſineſs to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called, that ſhe left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed reſolution ſome way or other to recover her loſt reputation: but inſtead of changing her life, which one would have expected from ſo good a diſpoſition of mind, ſhe took it in her head to change her ſex. This was ſoon done by the help of a ſword and a pair of breeches. I have reaſon to believe, that her firſt deſign was to turn-midwife, having herſelf had ſome experience in thoſe affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, ſhe at length bougth her a gold-buttoned coat, and ſet up for a phyſician. Thus we ſee the ſame fatal miſcarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the ſame ſex a pope.

The Doctor ſucceeded very well in his buſineſs at firſt; but very often met with accidents that diſquieted him. As he wanted that deep magiſterial voice which gives authority to a preſcription, and is abſolutely neceſſary for the right pronouncing of theſe words — *Take theſe pills*, he unfortunaltely got the nickname of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumſtance alarmed the Doctor, there was another which gave him no ſmall diſquiet, and very much dimi-

diminiſhed his gains. In ſhort, he found himſelf run down, as a ſuperficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous huſband. Theſe would often complain among one another, that they did not like ſuch a ſmock-faced Phyſician, though in truth, had they known how juſtly he deſerved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

SUCH were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happineſs was ſoon after deſtroyed, by a diſtemper which was too hard for our phyſician, and carried off his firſt wife. The Doctor had not been a widow long before he married his ſecond lady, with whom alſo he lived in a very good underſtanding. It ſo happened, that the Doctor was with child at the ſame time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they paſſed for twins. The Doctor having entirely eſtabliſhed the reputation of his manhood, eſpecially by the brith of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much reſembles him, grew into good buſineſs, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal diſtempers; but would have had much more practice among his own ſex, had not ſome of them been ſo unreaſonable, as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor ſome uneaſineſs at firſt, inſtead of betraying his perſon, only recommended his phyſic. Upon this occaſion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable ſurprize; in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herſelf to a ſick perſon in the habit of a Quack, and ſpeaks to her patient, who

who was ſomething ſcandalized at the youth of his phyſician, to the following purpoſe — *I began to practiſe in the reign of Francis the Firſt, and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myſelf in the ſame beauty and freſhneſs I had at fifteen. For this reaſon, Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a ſtudent in phyſic ſhould have a ſound conſtitution, and a healthy look; which indeed ſeem as neceſſary qualifications for a phyſician, as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine.* But to return to our ſubject. About two years ago, the Doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to ſuch a degree, that about ſix weeks ſince they made an end of him. His death diſcovered the diſguiſe he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former ſex. It is ſaid, that at his burial the pall was held up by ſix women of ſome faſhion. The Doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherleſs children, if they may be called ſo, beſides the little boy before mentioned. In relation to whom we may ſay of the Doctor, as the good old ballad about The Children in the Wood ſays of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. Theſe are all the circumſtances thar I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occaſion to many obſcene fictions: but as I know thoſe would never have gained a place in yonr paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature, having ſtuck to the truth very ſcrupulouſly, as I always do when I ſubſcribe myſelf, Sir, yours, &c.

I ſhall add, as a poſtſcript to this letter, that I am informed the famous Saltero, who ſells coffee in his muſeum at Chelſea, has by him a curioſity, wich helped the Doctor to carry on his impoſture, and will give great ſatisfaction to the curious enquirer.

AN ODE

TO THE

CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true cæleſtial Fire,
Brighter than that which rules the Day,
Deſcend! a Mortal Tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great Immortal Lay;
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated Lyre!
Hence ye Prophane! be far away!
Hence all Ye impious Slaves that bow
To Idol Luſts, or Altars raiſe
And to falſe Heroes give fantaſtick Praiſe!
And Hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your ſpurious Beings owe!
But hear O Heav'n and Earth and Seas profound!
Hear Ye unfathom'd Deeps Below,
And let your ecchoing Vaults repeat the ſound;
Let Nature, trembling all around,
Attend her Maſter's awful Name,
From whom Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, and all the wide Creation came.

II.

He ſpoke the great Command, and Light,
Heav'n's eldeſt born and faireſt Child,
Flaſh'd in the low'ring Face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own Birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning, on the Wing,
Hov'ring in Choirs his Praiſes ſing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous ſpace
A beauteous riſing World they ſaw,
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd Face,
And Motion took th' eſtabliſh'd Law

To-

To roll the various Globes on high;
When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
And from the Barrier ſprung to his appointed Race.

III.

SUPREME, Almighty, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis He, the great inſpiring Mind,
That animates and moves this Univerſal Frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no place confin'd,
Not Heav'n it ſelf can bound his Sway,
Beyond th' untravell'd Limits of the Sky,
Inviſible to Mortal Eye
He dwells in uncreated Day.
Without Beginning, without End; 'tis He
That fills th'unmeaſur'd growing Orb of vaſt Immenſity.

IV.

WHAT Pow'r but His can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the ſleeping Storm, or its loud Rage reſtrain?
When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
And the chaſ'd Ocean proudly ſwells in vain,
His Voice reclaims th' impetuous Roar;
In murm'ring Tides th' Abated Billows fly,
And the ſpent Tempeſt dies upon the Shore.
The Meteor World is his, Heav'n's Wintry Store,
The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow;
The Summer Breeze, the ſoft refreſhing Show'r,
The looſe divided Cloud, and many colour'd Bow;
The crooked Lightning darts around,
His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill;
The ſhooting Flame obeys th' Eternal will,
Launch'd from his Hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blaſt th' unſhelter'd Ground.

V.

YET pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a Father's tender Care,
Supports the num'rous Family
That Peoples Earth, and Sea, and Air.

From

From Nature's Giant Race, th' enormous Elephant,
Down to the Inſect Worm, and creeping Ant;
From th' Eagle, Sov'reign of the Sky,
To each inferior Feather'd Brood,
From Crowns, and purple Majeſty
To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
His Hand unſeen divides to All their Food,
And the whole World of Life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide View His Eye ſurveys
His Works, in every diſtant Clime;
He ſhifts the Seaſons, Months, and Days,
The ſhort-liv'd Offspring of revolving Time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now chearful *Spring* the Circle leads,
And ſtrows with Flow'rs, the ſmiling Meads;
Gay *Summer* next whom Ruſſet Robes adorn,
And waving Fields of Yellow Corn;
Then *Autumn*, who with laviſh Stores the Lap of (Nature ſpreads;
Decrepit *Winter*, laggard in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppreſt with Pain)
A heavy Seaſon does maintain,
With driving Snows, and Winds, and Rain;
Till Spring recruited to advance,
The various Year rowls round again.

VII.

But who, Thou great Ador'd! who can withſtand
The Terrors of thy lifted Hand,
When long provok'd, thy Wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her Center ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy Voice, the Thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear, and wild Confuſion round;
How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
The Shock of Earth, and Seas, and Labour of the Skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty Creſt?

Where the gay Head of wanton Pride?
See! Tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening Ground
Wou'd take them quick to ſhades of Reſt,
And in their common Parent's Breaſt
From thee their bury'd Forms for ever hide;
In vain — for all the Elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd Earth, the ruſhing Sea,
Tempeſtuous Air, and raging Fire,
To Puniſh vile Mankind, and fight for Thee;
Nor Death it ſelf can intercept the Blow,
Eternal is the Guilt, and without End the Woce.

VIII.

O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* all
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball!
Once Gods of Earth, the *living* Deſtinies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's your Extent of Empire now?
Say where preſerv'd your Phantom Glory lies?
Can Braſs the fleeting Thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in Temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
The Rage of rowling Time, and ſcorn Decay?
Ah no! the mouldring Monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with your ſelves in the ſame Maſs of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muſe! Time's waſting Thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravell'd Clue,
When Cities ſink, and Kingdoms are to more,
And weary Nature ſhall her Work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his Hand the Book of Fate!
Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky
T'attend, with dread Solemnity,
The World's laſt Scene, and Time's concluding Date.

The

The feeble Race of ſhort-liv'd Vanity
And ſickly Pomp at once ſhall dye;
Foul Guilt to Midnight Caves will ſhrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her Flight,
And curſe at Heav'n's purſuing Light,
Surrounded with the Vengeance of that Day.
How will you then, ye Impious, ſcape your Doom,
Self judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your Clouds of painted Bliſs ſhall melt before your Sight,
Yet ſhall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid Bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the Joys You knew before;
But ſigh a long Eternity of Pain,
Toſt in an Ocean of Deſire, yet never find a Shore.

X.

But ſee where the mild Sov'reign ſits prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what Pow'r Divine
Tranſports me! what immortal Splendors ſhine!
Torrents of Glory that oppreſs the Sight!
What Joys, eccleſtial King! thy Throne ſurround!
The Sun, who, with thy borrow'd Beams ſo bright,
Sees not his Peer in all the Starry Round,
Wou'd here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale Siſter of the Night,
When ſhe reſign her delegated Light,
Loſt in the Blaze of Day.
Here Wonder only can take Place;
Then Muſe, th' adventrous Flight forbear!
Theſe Myſtick Scenes thou canſt no farther trace;
Hope may ſome boundleſs Future Bliſs embrace,
But *What*, or *When*, or *How*, or *Where*,
Are Mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow Cells of human Brain
The vaſt immeaſurable Thought contain.

THE SPLENDID SCHILLING.

IN

IMITATION OF MILTON.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares, and Strife,
In Silken, or in Leathern Purſe retains
A *Splendid Schilling:* He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe,
To *Fun'per's*. *Magpye*, *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Am'rous Flames,
Chloe, or *Phillis;* he, each Circling Glaſs,
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he ſmoaks, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then Solitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not Blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings,
Full famous in Romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitleſs Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To wend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
With *Maſſic*, *Setian*, or renown'd *Falern*.

THUS

THUS while my joyleſs Hours I lingring ſpend,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods, and Men,
To my aerial Citadel aſcends;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and *Conic* Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by Modern Saint,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men!) behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Of Aſpect ſullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erſt have indu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregn'ble, and coercive Chains
In Durance vile detain him, 'till in form
Of Mony, *Pallas* ſets the Captive free.

BEWARE, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect, oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creek, or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch, So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to Domeſtick Vermin ſworn

An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye,
Lyes nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin, So her diſembowell'd web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin ſpreads.
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager ſtrides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils:
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their Bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood;
Me Lonely ſitting, nor the glimm'ring Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of lovely Friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves, and Myrtle Shades,
Or deſp'rate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree:
Mean while I Labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs Wiſh in vain, my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe;
But if a Slumber haply does Invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's ſtill awake,
Longing for Drink, and Eager in a Dream
Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale;

Awake I find the ſettled Thirſt —
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant Phantom curſe.

THUS do I live, from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions Great! yet greater ſhall remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and Encroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not Time ſubdue!)
An horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice
Wide, Diſcontinuous; at which the Winds,
Eurus, and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thrô th' *Ægean Deep*,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till Cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* Shoar with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shoch unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crouding Waves Guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, Overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the Batt'ring Waves ruſh in
Implacable 'till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

Character of Catiline.

LUCIUS CATILINE, by birth a Patrician, was by nature endowed with ſuperiour advantages both

both bodily and mental; but his diſpotions were corrupt and wicked. From his youth, his ſupreme delight was in violence, ſlaughter, rapine, and inteſtine confuſions; and ſuch works were the employment of his earlieſt years. His conſtitution qualified him for bearing hunger, cold, and want of ſleep, to a degree exceeding belief. His mind was daring, ſubtle, unſteady. There was no character which he could not aſſume and put off at pleaſure. Rapacious of what belonged to others, prodigal of his own, violently bent on whatever became the object of his purſuit. He poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of eloquence, but little ſolid knowledge. His inſatiable temper was ever puſhing him to graſp at what was immoderate, romantic, and out of his reach.

About the time of the diſturbances raiſed by Sylla, Catiline was ſeized with a violent luſt of power; nor did he at all heſitate about the means, ſo he could but attain his purpoſe of raiſing himſelf to ſupreme dominion, His reſtleſs ſpirit was in a continual ferment, occaſioned by the confuſion of his own private affairs and by the horrors of his guilty conſcience; both which he had brought upon himſelf by living the life above deſcribed. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the general corruption of manners which then prevailed amongſt a people infected with two vices, not leſs oppoſite to one another in their natures than miſchievous in their tendencies; I mean, Luxury and Avarice.

Celadon and Amelia.

Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair,
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;

The

The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers, the mild luſtre of the blooming morn;
And his, the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd. But ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As, in the dawn of time, inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh:
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy, in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still, in harmonious intercourſe, they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart;
Or ſigh'd and look'd — unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life; a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled, till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd;
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs: and, ſtealing oft a look
Tow'rds the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love and confidence
In heaven repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and, as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence
And inward ſtorm! He who yon ſkies involves
In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft,
That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voice

Which thunders terrour through the guilty heart,
With tongues of ſeraphs, whiſpers peace to thine.
'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thus
To claſp perfection!" — From his void embrace
(Myſterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of wo.

Speech of Junius Brutus over the dead Body of Lucretia.

YES, noble lady, I ſwear by this blood, which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword; nor will I ever ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome: Ye gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath! — There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle — the daughther of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife — ſhe died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband's, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia, could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! But once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we — ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liber-

liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterpriſe. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors, who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery? — Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſo groundleſs a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But, let us grant there may be ſome among them, who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour te tyrant. The number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects. — Ye gods, who protected our foreſathers, ye genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome, do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will, to our laſt breath, defend your worſhip from all profanation.

ODE

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE FOR ST CICILIA'S DAY.

I.

'Twas at the Royal Feaſt, for *Perſia* won,
By *Philip's* Warlike Son;
Aloft in awſul State
The God like Hero ſat
On his Imperial Throne;
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roſes and with Myrtles bound,
(So ſhou'd Deſert in Arms be Crown'd:)
The Lovely *Thais* by his ſide,
Sat like a blooming *Eaſtern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride,
Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave
None but the Brave
None but the Brave deſerves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Choir
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
The trembling Notes aſcend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inſpire
The Song began from *Jove;*
Who left his bliſsful Seats above,
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:
Sublime on Radiant Spheres He rode;
When He to fair *Olympia* preſs'd:
And ſtamp'd an Image of himſelf, a Sov'reign of the World,

The

The liſt'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A preſent Deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the Spheres.

III.

THE Praiſe of *Bacchus* then, the ſweet Muſician ſung;
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:
The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;
Flufh'd with a purple Grace
He ſhews his honeſt Face,
Now gives the Hautboys breath; He comes, He comes,
Bacchus ever Fair and Young,
Drinking Joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' Bleſſings are a Treaſure;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure;
Rich the Treaſure;
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' *Bleſſings are a Treaſure;*
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleaſure;
Rich the Treaſure;
Sweet the Pleaſure;
Sweet is Pleaſure after Pain.

IV.

SOOTH'D with the Sound the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice He routed all his Foes: & thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The Maſter ſaw the Madneſs riſe;

His

His glowing Cheeks, his Ardent Eyes;
And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
He choſe a Mournful Muſe
Soft Pity ro infuſe:
He ſang *Darius* Great and Good,
By too fevere a Fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate
And weltring iu his Blood;
Deſerted at his utmoſt Need,
By thoſe his former Bounty fed;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.
With down-caſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſat,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below;
And, nowand then, a Sigh he ſtole;
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance helow;
And, now and then, a Sigh he ſtole;
And Tears began to flow.

V.

THE Mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That Love was in the nex Degree:
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.
Lovely *Thais* ſits beſides thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.
The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applauſe,

So

So Love was Crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe,
The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his Care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the Golden Lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain,
Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the Furies ariſe!
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flaſh from their Eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Theſe are *Grecian* Ghoſts, that in Battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the Plain.
Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew.
Behold how they toſs their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hoſtile Gods!

The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

CHORUS.

And the King ſeiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to deſtroy;
Thais *led the Way,*
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Hellen, *fir'd another* Troy.

VII.

THUS, long ago
'Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.
At laſt Divine *Cecilia* came,
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before,
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

Grand CHORUS.

At laſt, Divine Cecilia *came,*
Inventreſs of the Vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds;
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus *yield the Prize,*
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

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